

BALLAD OF LOVE'S INDEPENDENCE.

When traveling on the waters deep
Sweet thoughts I think of thee,
Sweet Jinnie is the flower for me,
Though far away I am.

One hour is long, the day is longer,
Still further from thee I roam,
And when I lie down at night
I reflect back on thee.

But now we are miles apart,
Let that not grieve your mind,
For when this war is over, dear,
To you I'll return again.

Many miles from you I've roamed,
It was duty called me to go,
While sailing in my boat I thought
Of thee I left behind me.

Nothing have I to cheer my mind,
But thoughts back to thee do soar,
To think I had to part with thee
My heart is filled with pain.

When rolling on the waters deep
The nights are dark and lonesome,
Dear Jinnie, dear, may I be spared
To meet with you once more.

Oh I shall trust in thee, my God,
For all I want to be filled,
For He is the maker and finisher
Of both Heaven and Earth.

The evening I left you, Jinnie,
I felt as though I was lost.

My troubled heart did beat
With tears flowed mingled down.

Now while sailing on my boat,
Oh it is thee I think of,
When rolling on, every minute
My recollection 'tis of thee.

Now farther from thee I roam,
Oh may my boat be steered aright,
May it run safe to the shore,
And may I see you once more.

Oh I was once with thee I loved
Who was most precious dear,
Nothing have I now more
To cheer my troubled mind.

If I die far from thee, my love,
Oh bury me between a turtle-dove
To show to your dearest love,
In years to come I died for love.

Forget you not, I'll forget you never,
Till yonder sun goes down forever.
Remember well, and bear in mind
A trusty friend is hard to find.

Oh may all my wants be supplied,
And all my sins be pardoned with God,
Oh may you walk in fear of Him,
And all your relatives follow you.

SERGEANT P. A. MORGAN,

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